

COBBETT'S WEEKLY REGISTER.

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"This Bill (Mr. Peel's) was grounded on *concurrent Reports* of both Houses; it was passed by *unanimous votes* of both Houses; it was, at the close of the Session, a subject of high eulogium in the Speaker's Speech to the Regent, and in the Regent's Speech to the two Houses: now, then, I, William Cobbett, assert, that, to carry this Bill into effect is *impossible*; and I say, that, if this Bill be carried into full effect, I will give Castlereagh leave to lay me on a *Gridiron* and broil me alive, while Sidmouth may stir the coals, and Canning stand by and laugh at my groans."—Taken from *Cobbett's Register*, written at North Hempstead, Long Island, on the 24th of September, 1819, and published in England in November, 1819.

TO MR. PEEL.

LETTER I.

On the state of the case with regard to his BILL, and on the Lies and the Ignorance of the London Newspapers.

SIR,

AFTER several months of listening to, or, at least, hearing, the ignorant and boisterous exultation

Kensington, Sept. 24, 1823.

of that basest of all earthly things, the *Wen Press*, I am now about to show, that the opinion, which is so positively expressed in the above motto, has been VERIFIED BY THE EVENT, instead of having been falsified, as has been so many thousand times asserted by the ignorant and prostituted creatures, who own and who conduct the press of the *Wen*.

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My assertion was, that it was *impossible* to carry your Bill into full effect; and, I am now about to prove, that that Bill has *not been carried into full effect*; but that, it has been, as to a material part of its object, *repealed* by subsequent Acts of Parliament.

Before, however, I proceed to do this, I cannot refrain from once more pointing out for the contempt of the world that corrupt and all-corrupting thing, that villainous press of London, which has recently been the object of the highly-wrought praises of Mr. BROUGHAM, and which, for *lying*, certainly is wholly without a parallel. Nevertheless, it can speak well of itself; as we see from the following, taken from its mouth-piece, the Morning Chronicle of the 21st of last month. "The *fact is*," [now for a lie!] "that a Frenchman and an Englishman, or a German," [oh, dear! *Cousin German!*] "have different notions with respect to truth and falsehood. When a Frenchman lies, he does not think he is

acting wrong. All that he considers is, *whether the lie is likely to answer its purpose*. An ENGLISHMAN, again, or a German, on the other hand, has been *taught to consider lying disgraceful*, and would hardly think of justifying the having had recourse to it on any occasion, *by the advantage of which it was productive*."

In a Fable that I have somewhere read, the *animals* are called up to confess their sins to JUPITER. The Fox begs pardon for his *too great frankness*, bordering on indiscretion; but thanks Jupiter that he has not to accuse himself of any other fault. "I," says the HOG, "have, indeed, been rather *over-nice in my person*; but, I thank thee, O Jupiter! that no one can accuse me of *gluttony*." Thus they went on; and if the Editor of the Chronicle had been amongst them, he, doubtless, would have addressed the thunderer in the very words of the above quoted passage. The Chronicle just before it uttered the above passage had been

observing on the falsehood of the French military accounts, and had said, that *English officers* might always be relied upon; that their statements might be safely taken for truth; and, in short, that we were a singularly happy people in having such officers to give us accounts of battles and so forth. It is curious enough, that all foreigners, our cousins the Germans and Dutch excepted, set these very officers down as the greatest liars upon the face of the earth, in all matters relating to battles with those foreigners; and, Sir, can we have forgotten the monstrous lies that the nation was cheated by during the last war? To mention just one instance, can this Morning Chronicle have forgotten the audacious lies; the malignant and base lies, that Sir ROBERT WILSON published relative to the conduct of Bonaparte? Can it have forgotten the famous Scotch lie about the capture of the INVINCIBLE Standard in Egypt? For in the first place this was an army lie: then it became a lie of

the *Wen press*: talk of liars, talk of impostors! What in the whole world ever amounted to a lie equal to this army and Wen press Scotch lie? The famous standard which one of Napoleon's battalions had borne through his Italian wars; that standard, which he had taken from the hands of the ensign, and flung in among the Austrians at the Bridge of Lodi; that standard was called the INVINCIBLE Standard, and it was borne at the head of its battalion at the battle of Alexandria in Egypt. In that battle, this standard was *taken from the French*, brought to England, and it was deposited at the Office of the Secretary of State for the War Department. And what regiment, what British *regiment*, and what *man*, took this standard? Graceless wretch that I am, do I not know that the "*Aud Highlanders*," that the "*forty-second*" were there? Do I not know *that*, graceless wretch that I am; and do I not know that it is a devilish deal worse than an attempt to cut the King's throat, to pretend

that any body else performed any deed of valour upon this occasion?

No: I know no such thing; and

I will not imitate the mean English dogs that flatter, that fawn upon, that truckle to, that lie for, that lick up the spittle of haughty insolent Scotchmen in power. The

facts are these: the *Forty Second* claimed the honour of having taken the standard: the lying London press asserted the fact in ten thousand different forms and upon ten thousand different occasions.

Nay, a *large Gold Vase* was made to be presented to the forty-second regiment, as an "*heir-loom*," to commemorate the achievement;

on this Vase was represented a

Highlander taking the standard and killing the standard-bearer with his broadsword. At a Highland festival in London, the man

who took the standard, and who was a sergeant of the name of

SINCLAIR, was brought and exhibited upon the table, to relate to

the sweet Highlanders present the manner in which he took the

standard; and, to crown the whole,

this man was made a commissioned officer as a reward for his surprising gallantry!

The whole was a LIE, from the beginning to the end. The *Invincible Standard* was taken by no Highland regiment and by no Scotchman: it was taken by a

foreign corps, consisting of *Austrians, Italians and Frenchmen*;

and it was a FRENCHMAN, a private soldier in Sir JOHN

STEWART's foreign corps, who took the standard, who killed the

standard-bearer, and who brought in his watch, his sash and his

pistols along with the standard. It was ANTOINE LUTZE who

took the *Invincible Standard*. This was *proved*, first incidentally,

upon oath at the *Assizes at Winchester*; and it was afterwards

proved at a *Court of Inquiry held for the express purpose at Hulsea*

Barracks. And the proof having been completed, the late Mr.

WYNDHAM applied to the Duke of York to do something for the

man; and the Duke, greatly to his honour, had a pension of

twenty pounds a-year settled on LUTZE for life. He died in a few years afterwards.

Now, Sir, was there ever a lie equal to this, in the whole world? But, this lie connects itself with the Morning Chronicle again, for that paper was guilty of the foulest and basest calumny against me, because I was the means of exposing the liars; as, indeed the Register, from its very first appearance, has been the terror of liars and impostors. So much for the *truth-telling British officers*; but so much is not quite enough; for it happens that our friend Sir ROBERT WILSON comes in here, too. The Scotch lie had been trumpeted about in *Letters from Egypt; Letters from 'Adinbro';* Letters even from the French army, describing the prodigious prowess of the "*forty-sacund*;" toasts at innumerable dinners had trumpeted the lie about; songs through the streets, and at grand dinners; "*Scots Ladies*" had had caps and bonnets à la Sinclair; in short, the

lie had circulated into every hole and corner of the kingdom. From the daily and weekly press, it moved in a condensed form into those sweet things, the Magazines and Reviews; but of all the propagators of the lie, none exceeded our Knight of the Order of MARIA TERESA. In his quarto lump of lies it had a conspicuous place. There it was, "*forty-sacund, gallant forty-sacund, 'Sergeant Sinclair,*" and all in grand style, and in detail the most minute. I, who had the principal hand in detecting the lie, and who published a full account of it, in the third volume of the Register, remonstrated with the Chevalier on the subject. He will remember, that this was in Duke-street, Westminster. I shewed him all the documents, to prove that his book contained a falsehood upon the subject. He told me that the passage should be corrected in the next edition of the book. It was not corrected in the next edition of the book, and I have never

liked Sir ROBERT WILSON from that day to this.

A meaner, a more base and foul transaction than this, it is impossible to form an idea of. Yet, though there appears to have been every disposition in the "*forty-sacund*," nothing could have been done effectually without the aid of this infamous press. And yet, in spite of his knowledge, his perfect knowledge, that such is the constant conduct of this press, Mr. BROUGHAM can eulogize it as the "fittest instrument of *public instruction* that human ingenuity ever devised." I have here been alluding to what took place just twenty years ago. The base thing is no changling, at any rate. It is like the great THING under which it exists: no matter what change of owners and of conductors take place: the base thing is always essentially the same: sworn foe of truth, pander to every vile passion, the incessant propagator of delusion, and spreader abroad of all the seeds of individual and of public cala-

mity. If there be *duties belonging to the press*; if it be to be guided by honourable sentiment, what duty could be more injurious, what more clearly demanded by a sense of honour, than an exposure of this Scotch lie; than doing justice to the *foreign corps* and to the *Frenchman*? Yet, plain as this duty was, honourable as it was in me to perform this duty, the performance of it brought down upon my head torrents of abuse from this execrable press for many months. I have remembered the vile *thi* from that day to this. I have always been satisfied, that it would be better to be a slave to a negro-driver, or even to a rich ruffian of Lancashire, than to live in fear of this corrupt and villanous press.

Mr. BROUGHAM calls this press the fittest instrument of *public instruction* that human ingenuity ever devised, and he takes particular pains to laud the *character* of the "*respectable*" persons to whom this press belongs. Does he know, yes he does as well as

I do, that the proprietorship of this vile thing is divided into innumerable *shares*, like those of stocks, roads, canals, insurance offices, and the like. He knows very well that the share-holders of one of the principal concerns, held a Meeting (as the Bank fellows and India House fellows do); I say held a *meeting* upon the arrival of the Queen, to deliberate as to *which side* the paper should take; and that there was only a *majority of two in favour of the Queen!* - Why, Sir, so monstrous a thing never was heard of before: a thing so base as this is without a parallel; and yet Mr. BROUGHAM says that the *character* of the proprietors of this press is a *security* for the public! Poor man. He is seeking a security for himself in the shocking perversion of truth; and that security I can assure him he will not find.

At this very moment we have before us a striking instance of the fitness of this press to *instruct the public*. For nearly a twelve-month this infamous press has

been deluding the public with regard to the projects of France relative to Spain. From the moment that I heard (through the newspapers), that the French ambassador at Verona, had expressed the wish of his government to march into Spain; from that moment I knew that the French would march into Spain; and I was pretty sure that they would succeed in taking possession of it, its ports, fleets and resources. I was not tardy in communicating my opinions to the public. I gave my reasons for those opinions. The base press of London took the contrary side; it lied day after day; it caused thousands to be ruined; it helped to cheat people of money under the name of *Subscriptions to aid the Spaniards*; lie after lie was put forth; the Spaniards were always to be victorious in the end; when they ran away from the French, their running away was calculated to injure the French; in short, so complete has the deception been, that the far greater part of the

people still believe, though the thing is actually over, still believe, that the "*gallant Spaniards*" will be victorious "*in the end.*" The end is come. The French are in possession of Spain; it is their own province, notwithstanding Mr. CANNING'S *shield and his prayers*; and still the whole of this nation, except those who read or hear what is contained in the Register, actually believe that the gallant Spaniards will succeed "*in the end!*"

One of the papers of the other day, speaking of what was going on at Cadiz; mentioned that the Duke de GUICHE, who had been sent into Cadiz by the Duke d'ANGOULEME, had offered *free egress* from Cadiz to the Members of the Cortes, provided they did not prefer the *clemency* of FERDINAND; and that it was believed that the Cortes would consider the preservation of their lives, as an equivalent for the sacrifice of the liberties of their country. This is just what I said it would come to: I said that the single question appeared to be, whether the Cortes should *escape* or be *hanged*.

The paper in question (Chronicle of the 18th instant), having stated as above, makes this sagacious remark: "*In London*

"these rumours appear more like "*dreams* than realities;" yes, but they appear like dreams only because this infatuated people have listened to you, and your stupid or corrupt fellow-labourers. Those who listened to me have not been surprised at the result of the War in Spain; to *them* these rumours do not appear like dreams. They appear like dreams to those only who have been under the *instruction* of that instrument, that fittest instrument, as Mr. BROUGHAM calls it, of *public instruction* that human ingenuity ever devised.

Let me digress a little here, Sir, in order to give you an instance of the silliness of this corrupt and stupid press: the *beautiful silliness of it*. I must insert the whole passage from the Chronicle; or I shall be unable to make the reader see all the beauties of this silliness.

"*In London these rumours appear more like dreams than realities. The English are, however, unacquainted with the feelings of men who, sunk in bigotry, would prefer the receiving alms and charity at the doors of Monasteries and Convents, to that independence which can be acquired by industry and labour. These negotiations, however, if no other benefit ever results from them, will remind the world of the ingratitude of Princes. The Duke d'ANGOULEME, it seems, declined to see the Spanish General Alava, who had been deputed to him on a special mission. And who is*

"this Spanish General whom the son of St. Louis neglects? Is it possible to believe that this is the officer who fought with such distinguished bravery in the battle of Waterloo, where he served as a volunteer, and who is honourably mentioned in the official despatches of the Duke of WELLINGTON?"

Now, in the first place, I myself would prefer receiving alms and charity at the doors of monasteries and convents [if the and have any sense in it]; I myself would prefer this to "*that independence*" which can be acquired by tax-gathering, by blood-sucking, by place and pension-hunting, by stock-jobbing, by paragraph-vending, by prostitution of talent or prostitution of person; and can the Chronicle tell me how money is to be got or kept by any other means than some of these, in England, at this time? Disagreeable enough, Sir, to receive charity at the doors of monasteries; but not more disagreeable than being at the treadmill, or being transported for having been in pursuit of wild animals. Impudent wretches, however, what do they mean by degradation arising from the receiving of alms at the doors of monasteries; what do the prostituted reptiles mean by this; when they know that thousands have died of starvation in this kingdom

within a few months; and when they know that millions creep every night to their straw, tormented with hunger and with thirst? Before the bragging hypocrite again talks of the doors of convents, let him go and look at the *gravel pits* of England, at the *hot rooms* in Lancashire, and let him see the wretches expiring by hundreds under the *extreme unction* in Ireland. Were it not for this base press the present scenes of suffering could not long exist. It is continually employed to *discountenance complaint* by representing the people of other countries as being *more degraded and more ill-treated than the people of this country*.

But, let us come to the silliness, the *pure silliness* of which I have been speaking. This General ALAVA wanted to see the Duke d'Angouleme. The Duke would not admit him. *Is it possible*, says the Chronicle, that he would not admit a man that fought as a volunteer under the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo! Yes, you silly thing! *Very possible*, and what is more, *very proper*; for base, indeed, would it have been on the part of the Duke d'Angouleme, if he had *liked this man the better for his fighting at Waterloo*. The Chronicle

asks *who* this General ALAVA is. Aye, *who* is he, indeed? What was he fighting at Waterloo *for*? For the *Bourbons*, was he not? For the beloved Ferdinand, was he not? No. Good God, for Ferdinand was then upon the throne, and had *already punished* those who had been fighting for him in Spain! What, then, this ALAVA went out of pure hatred to the liberties of France (in the year 1815, mind!) to put down free government and restore the Bourbons. He had no business at Waterloo; he was a *volunteer* in the English army against the French; and the Duke d'ANGOULEME, who cannot have forgotten *who* it was that brought Napoleon from Elba, and what he was brought from Elba *for*; the Duke d'Angouleme, who cannot have forgotten the *second conquering* of France, the *tribute*, the *fortified towns*, the *pictures* and the *statues*; the Duke d'ANGOULEME, who can neither forget *Waterloo* nor *Wellington*, is to be accused of *ingratitude* because he would not receive this *volunteer* mentioned with *so much honour* in the *despatches of Wellington*! This General ALAVA has got his *reward*; or, he appears, at least, likely to get it. But, there is another interesting little circum-

stance belonging to this scene at Cadiz. The Duke de GUICHE was, it seems, the envoy from the Duke d'ANGOULEME to the King of Spain. He dined with the King, and talked, it seems, to the Cortes about the chance which the Duke d'Angouleme was willing to give them, to *save their lives*. Oh God, thou art just! These Cortes men are the old friends of Wellington and his army; and this very Duke de GUICHE stands in *our Army List* of the year 1819 (I have none of later date), as a *Captain in the Prince's own regiment of Dragoons*! He was put upon *half-pay*, it appears, in 1814, and he remained on the Half-pay List till 1819; a list published by the authority and sent forth from the *War Office itself*! There, base press! Go and find an Englishman upon the half-pay list of France, while that Englishman is fighting in the service of his own country, and against the allies of France: go and find such a thing as that, base press, before you talk of the degradation produced by receiving alms at the doors of convents. The Duke de GUICHE is acting a consistent, an honourable part. When in our service, though there in despite of the laws which seated this family on the throne; though suffered

to be there by the *Whigs* in spite of those laws, he was guilty of no violation of any laws of France that he had ever acknowledged; while, in our service, he was fighting against revolutionary government; and against that he is fighting now; but this ALAVA, this volunteer of Wellington, this fighter at Waterloo, what indignities, what punishment does he not deserve at the hands of a Frenchman! O God, thou art just! This Duke de GUICHE is one of our *dead-weight*; one of the men that we hired to help us "*clip the wings of France*;" and this very man seems to have been employed to clap the seal to the bargain which puts France in complete possession of Spain!

To return, for a minute, to the object of Mr. BROUGHAM's devotion, let me ask him, whether he remembers the part which the infamous press had in the late *American war*! Does he not know, that it was the bloody OLD TIMES newspaper, which first insisted on the necessity of declaring, "*no peace with James Madison*," and that also first insisted, that we ought not to sheath the sword till we had put down the American Government; for that "*kingly government never could be safe*," "*in any part of the world, as long*

"as that *example of democratical rebellion existed*?" Does not Mr. BROUGHAM know this? Yes; and he knows well that the rest of the infamous press soon followed the heels of the belwether. The war, which cost us seventy millions of money, which covered the name of England with disgrace, and which actually created a navy in America; that war was principally the work of this infamous press. And yet, Mr. BROUGHAM admires this press! Nay, he well knows, that upon the whole earth, wretches to call for the killing of Napoleon even after he became our prisoner, and to justify the cutting of the throats of the Protestants at Nismes; Mr. BROUGHAM knows, that the whole earth did not contain monsters capable of this; the whole earth, except this corrupt Wen, and not even this Wen, except amongst the miscreants of the press. Here, too, the bloody Old Times led the way; but, it was only a leader of a band, nearly the whole of whom were as bloody as itself. And yet, with all these facts in his perfect recollection, Mr. BROUGHAM can eulogize the owners and conductors, and all the whole gang appertaining to this press; and, in his eagerness to secure a return of the loathsome "*cawing*," as Lord

BYRON calls it, he stoops so low, and so completely divests himself of all sense of shame, as to call this stupid, this mischievous, this base, this bloody thing, "the *fit-test instrument of public instruction that human ingenuity ever devised*"!

We have now seen pretty nearly enough, I think, of the fitness of this press to be the instructor of the people; but can we forget that the base thing lent its aid in the affair of the *French Assignats*: can we forget the "*Eclair*," a *forgery of a whole foreign paper* for the base purpose of stock-jobbing? To record a thousandth part of the infamies of this press during the late wars would require volumes. There is not a tyrant upon earth in whose employment and pay some part or other of it has not been. Constantly in the pay of jews and stock-jobbers. The lies it sends forth go over the whole world. It is like a blight to this country; and if it were totally destroyed tomorrow, if there never were another word printed in England, the change would be greatly for the better. To select particular lies would be tedious; but I cannot refrain from mentioning the plain short lie relating to the butcher's shop at Kensington. "*Cobbett*

has turned his house at Kensington into a butcher's shop:"

and then there followed a commentary representing this measure of mine as having arisen out of the *failure of all my other pursuits*. This was as great a lie as it would have been to say that the

King had turned his palace into a butcher's shop. It was a lie hatched for the nonce. The Walters *made the lie*: they made the materials of the lie. Yet this lie was adopted by the whole of this base press. It travelled from one end of the kingdom to the other; and my son James, who was then in New York, saw it travelling all about that country, with (in one paper) this additional comment: "Thus has Cobbett, after having slaughtered more of his *fel-low-creatures* than any other human being, at last taken to the slaughtering of *beasts*."

This fellow mistook the matter: for I do not acknowledge fools and knaves to be *my fellow-creatures*. But, only think of a lie like this travelling thus into every corner of the earth, where the English language is in use! My son supposed the story to be false; but, still, what was he to think of a fact of so plain and simple a nature, and put forth in such a confident manner? Why, if I,

or any body belonging to me, could take all the trades, all the hired hacks, all the paragraph-grinders, all the purveyors of every description, all the prostituted rascally and filthy crew belonging to this press; if we could take Mr. BROUGHAM's "*highly respectable*" gang all together, and fling them down a chalk-pit, or into a well or common sewer, or stifle them in a collection of night-soil, would there, I ask any just man, would there be any immorality in the act? And yet, it is this low and detestable thing, it is this thing of incomparable stupidity, malignity and baseness, that Mr. BROUGHAM holds up "as the most competent instrument of *public instruction* that human ingenuity ever devised"! Very well, then, Mr. BROUGHAM, *you have taken your side*. You have had time enough to acquire a thorough knowledge of this infamous press. You do, in short, *know it well*: you have taken your part with your eyes open: you have now entered into a "solemn league and covenant" with this infamous band, and with this band you must stand or fall. You *dare* not now be the advocate of any measure *necessary to the restoration of this falling country*: sale of Crown Lands, appropri-

tion of Church property to the public use, reduction of the Interest of the Debt: for none of these can you now be, seeing that the "*fittest instrument of public instruction*" has *condemned them all*. It has, indeed, condemned them for *my sake*; but it shall not unsay its words without receiving suitable chastisement. In the mean time, its numbers fall and mine rise. But, you have taken your side: *keep it!*

Here I intended to stop; but, my hand being in, I cannot go to the other part of my subject till I have pretty well settled this infamous press. We have, indeed, seen pretty nearly enough of it, and I am aware of the danger of overlaying the thing; but it is absolutely necessary that this thing of matchless infamy should be seen in its true light, especially now, when a league has been formed with it by Mr. Brougham. While the infamous concern was praised, courted, and flattered by such men as Lord John Russell and Mr. Hume only, the matter was of less importance. Mr. Brougham having formed a direct connexion with the vile thing; having hung himself on to it; having vouched for its purity and its utility; he, who has set himself up as a teacher of the nation,

who has had for years a general school project on foot; he having given his sanction to this infamous thing, it becomes indispensably necessary that I place the thing before the public of this country, and of other countries, too, as far as I am able, in its proper light.

I have already done a good deal in this way. I have made several interesting statements with regard to this press. Mr. Brougham may say that these statements of mine *are not true*. He will not venture to say that; but he may say it. Will he then believe that which this very press *says of itself*. Oh! yes: it being the “fittest instrument of public instruction that human ingenuity ever devised;” this being Mr. Brougham’s description of the thing, he must, of course, believe what this prime instrument says; and I am going to show what it says of itself. Mr. Brougham will believe it, say what it will. So fit an instrument of public instruction must be in all cases worthy of belief at the least.

This point being settled, I beg Mr. Brougham to look back a little at the delightful correspondence between Dr. Stoddart and John Walter the base. Of lying, of shuffling, of treachery, of double dealing, of overreaching, of mean-

ness the most contemptible; in short, of almost every crime under heaven, short of felony and murder, did these men (if men they can be called) accuse one another; and Walter confessed, during the correspondence, that the *Government* paid for reprinting and circulating some of the infamous lies that he had published *against me*. Mr. Brougham was well aware of all this. He knew it all as well as I did: Stoddart and Walter, therefore, are two of those “*highly respectable parties*,” who own the London press. He proclaims Stoddart and Walter to be highly respectable persons. He did not discriminate. He made no exceptions: he praised the whole of the owners of the press in a lump; the *Eclair-man*, Street, Torrens, Parson Bates’s successor, Jew King, Lawra Matilda; and, in short, all the whole gang, formed by nature to sweep the streets. All these in a lump he calls highly respectable; but at any rate he never could think of leaving out Walter, Stoddart, and Stewart.

But, let us have still fuller testimony; or rather let us here quote their own words. Mr. Brougham will hardly deny, that the *Old Times* and the *Courier* are two of those vehicles, which

he says are "*justly celebrated.*" Very well then, let us hear what these two celebrated things have said of each other, and of the "highly respectable" owners of each other. Be it remembered, then, that in the month of May, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Twenty, there was a quarrel between these two "*highly respectable parties.*" During this quarrel these public instructors charged one another with *extorting money*; with *forging a foreign journal*; with *infamous conduct*; with *making a demand of a thousand pounds as hush-money*; with *promulgating lies* without number; with attacking private character, in order to *silence a public adversary*; with having absconded on account of *plots against the Government*; with being ready to sell the country if they could *get a farthing for it*, with belying facts with the most *hardened effrontery*; with having no regard to truth or falsehood; with publishing any thing that *suited their purpose*; with ignorance of the *common rules of grammar*; with *logic to be laughed at*; with *ridiculous criticisms*; with *imperishable infamy*; with having no character to lose; with being like *Col. Chartres*; with gathering their flowers of rhetoric at *Billingsgate*;

with being fit companions for *watermen and oyster-women*; with being *ill-mannered and impudent*; with having a *foul mouth* and a *fouler heart*; with *base crawling* in order to get employment; and we find them calling one another *caitiffs, wretches, forgers, attempters to extort money, putrid carcasses, worse than spies, knaves, liars, and rascals!* This is what they charge one another with; this is what they call one another; they are liars, or they have spoken the truth here; and it is with *these men* that Mr. BROUGHAM forms a league, almost literally, "saying unto corruption, Thou art my father: to the worm, Thou art my mother, and my sister."—Jon, chap. 17. v. 14.

However, it is impossible to do the caitiffs justice without using their own words. Never should I have thought of these words again perhaps, had not Mr. Brougham told us to look to the works of these "caitiffs;" to their widely-spread and infamous sheets; if Mr. Brougham had not told us to look at these sheets as "the most competent instruments of public instruction that human ingenuity ever devised;" if Mr. Brougham had not called these "caitiffs, forgers, wretches, money-extorters, putrid carcasses,

"spies, knaves, liars, and rascals;" if Mr. Brougham had not called them "*highly respectable parties*," whose characters formed the "*best public security*." Upon my soul, Sir, England has at last brought her hogs to a fine market, having, according to this great Whig Orator, her "*best public security*" in the characters of men, who stand pronounced, by themselves, by their own confession, by their own public statements, to be *caitiffs, wretches, forgers, extorters of money, putrid carcasses, worse than spies, knaves, liars, and rascals!*

It is, as I observed before, impossible to do these caitiffs justice, without resorting to their own words. Their own words, therefore, I shall take; and, for once, these words contain something useful. It will be seen, that, at last, the Times draws in its horns, and calls one of the parties a *gentleman*, whom it had before called *forger, knave and rascal*. However, I will first insert the articles according to their dates, and I beg the reader's attention to every part of them.

Times, May 11.

"What do they [the Courier people] mean by this conduct? Do they wish to extort mo-

ney from us, as one of them did from a person of much superior rank by a persecution exactly similar? Exactly in the same way, we repeat, a distinguished nobleman and great political character was incessantly assailed by them; till at last, in order to expose the motives of such infamous conduct, some of his friends laid before us the plainest evidence of an unsuccessful demand made upon himself by one of those proprietors for a thousand pounds. We spared the caitiff then, in consequence of a promise by his partner that the abuse of the above eminent statesman should cease. And who is that partner? Why, the very fellow who forged the French journal l'Eclair.—These are the knaves who, in spite of our repeated cautions, dare to calumniate this journal."

Courier, May 11.

"With respect to other parts (contained in the above extract) of the article in *The Times* of this day, we can only consider them as the usual resource of *detected falsehood and defeated imposture*. After all its repeated assertions on the

" eve of the general election, that
 " Ministers intended to propose a
 " great increase of the Civil List;
 " after all its vapouring about the
 " authority on which it maintain-
 " ed the truth of that statement;
 " it now finds the ground has
 " wholly sunk from beneath it,
 " and it stands exposed to the re-
 " probation of the public for that
 " audacious election trick. In
 " this situation of disgrace, to
 " what does it resort as a cover
 " for its shame?—To answer the
 " *Courier*? Oh! no!—This is
 " now a hopeless task. Why;—
 " it attacks two out of the four of
 " the proprietors of this paper
 " about matters that have nothing
 " to do with the subject, and then
 " asks if a paper acknowledged
 " to be 'managed' by a third
 " person, a proprietor also, be
 " entitled to credit? This is the
 " true Radical mode of reasoning,
 " quite in the style of the present
 " patrons and allies of *The Times*.
 " If the journal be overcome, re-
 " futed, exposed, disgraced; stab
 " the characters of the private
 " individuals connected with the
 " opponent journal. *Deter your*
 " *opponents from the assertion of*
 " *truth, by attacking the pri-*
 " *vate individuals connected with*
 " *them.* This has long been the
 " resource of the Radical press

" to intimidate opposition; but
 " that the Leading Journal of
 " Europe should have fallen so
 " low as to find it necessary to
 " resort to such a mode of pro-
 " tecting the issue of falsehood
 " and covering the shame of de-
 " tection, is as disgraceful to the
 " daily press, hitherto moving
 " within some bounds of decorum
 " and self-respect, as it is, indi-
 " rectly, a full admission of the
 " complete and triumphant man-
 " ner in which we have exposed,
 " and cut down, and punished,
 " imposture."

Times, May 12.

" We go to work upon the
 " *Courier* again, with the same
 " nausea that a young surgeon
 " returns to a putrid body which
 " he has but half dissected. But
 " it is now a duty that we owe
 " the public, to exhibit the per-
 " sons who conduct that journal
 " in their proper colours, so that,
 " in future, whatever may be said
 " in the *Courier* may be marked
 " as *undeserving credit*, because
 " it comes from men of degraded
 " character. Since they will dare
 " to contradict what we upon our
 " credit state and assert as true—
 " since they will persevere in at-
 " tempting to put themselves upon
 " a level with us—we must make

“ them feel, and inform the pub-
“ lic, what they are.

“

“ We cannot, however, let the
“ matter rest here. The *Courier*
“ is something worse than a spy,
“ even in the worst sense of that
“ odious word: his task is to vi-
“ lify honest men—not to detect
“ thieves: he endeavours to fal-
“ sify the contemporaneous evi-
“ dence of the passing events of
“ the day. When any thing is
“ *officially true*, he has to assert
“ *that it is false*. This inter-
“ loper, therefore, between facts
“ and their faithful report, must
“ be exposed. We thank the
“ ‘Manager’ (a pretty manager
“ he is) for introducing more of
“ them to our notice. He says
“ there are four proprietors of the
“ *Courier*: we have spoken of
“ two—a forger of foreign jour-
“ nals, and an attempter to extort
“ money. For this exposure we
“ are called Radicals: ‘ This
“ (says the *Courier* of last night)
“ is the true Radical mode of
“ reasoning.’ Would it not have
“ been as proper to say that it
“ was the true Radical mode
“ of acting, to forge and at-
“ tempt to extort money? But
“ if the exposure of such crimes
“ be Radicalism, we must per-
“ severe. The truth is, that

“ all the proprietors of the *Cou-*
“ *rier* are Radicals and Jacobins
“ up to this present day. There
“ is a third proprietor, the ma-
“ nager tells us, of that journal.
“ He also, we more than suspect,
“ was once obliged to abscond
“ on account of his plots against
“ Government. Is it not hideous
“ that such wretches are to be
“ calling honest industrious Eng-
“ lishmen ‘Radicals,’ for faith-
“ fully reporting the situation of
“ that country which their calum-
“ niators would have overthrown,
“ and which they would now sub-
“ vert and destroy if they could
“ get a farthing by the mischief?
“ —But there is a fourth pro-
“ prietor it seems—the present
“ manager. We recollect his
“ applying at this Office for em-
“ ployment, and he was rejected.
“ We shall make him wince now:
“ we may *flay him hereafter*.
“ Have not his atrocious false-
“ hoods, his repeated and direct
“ denials of what he knew to be
“ true, brought all this mischief
“ on himself and his *horde*? Has
“ he any regard to veracity in the
“ daily conducting of his concern?
“ What Judges state, what Ju-
“ ries find, what senators say, he
“ belies with the most hardened
“ effrontery. With him there is
“ *no regard to truth or falsehood*;

" that which suits, or according
 " to his narrow understanding,
 " seems to suit, the cause which
 " he has at present in hand, is
 " that which *he asserts and main-*
 " *tains.* These creatures have
 " repeatedly set themselves up
 " against us—not in the way of
 " argument, for that we should
 " have disregarded, but upon the
 " ground of credibility. It was in
 " vain for us to depute the most
 " acute and honourable men, with
 " injunctions to bestow the closest
 " and most impartial attention
 " on the matter on which it was
 " their duty to report, if we
 " afterwards suffered men de-
 " void of character to contradict
 " reports thus faithfully given,
 " and on no evidence whatever to
 " swear that that was false which
 " we, on the evidence of our
 " senses, stated to be true. It
 " would have been better for us to
 " report from imagination than
 " tranquilly to suffer our reports
 " to be contradicted from imagi-
 " nation. We have been forced,
 " therefore, to exhibit the charac-
 " ters of those who have had the
 " assurance to put their words
 " against ours. If their motive
 " were to *extort money from us,*
 " they will now feel that they have
 " failed: if it were to extort it
 " from others, by a persevering

" zeal in calumniating us, we
 " think we have also rendered
 " them incapable of obtaining
 " this end."

Courier, May 12.

" We intreat the *Old Times* to
 " persevere in the course it has
 " adopted. It is much better
 " than private swaggering. There
 " are some men who can never
 " be rendered so effectually con-
 " temptible as by permitting them
 " to unmask themselves. We
 " cannot answer for the taste of
 " the readers of this Journal; but
 " certain we are, if they have a
 " relish for such offal as has been
 " served up to them yesterday
 " and to-day, they can enjoy it
 " at a much cheaper rate, and
 " almost as good, by purchasing
 " six-pennyworth from the re-
 " gular weekly purveyors of ri-
 " baldry, blasphemy and sedition.
 " We must confess, however, that
 " we feel a little commiseration
 " for the persons who are foaming
 " at us, because we are conscious
 " that we have sometimes chas-
 " tised them with too unrelenting
 " a hand, and the agony of pu-
 " nishment will goad the dullest
 " animal into frenzy. We have
 " exposed this paper to public
 " derision, for its ignorance of
 " grammar; we have laughed at

" its logic ; we have ridiculed its
 " criticisms ; we have detected its
 " *falsehoods* ; we have recorded
 " the sundry occasions, on which
 " its principles caused it to be
 " kicked out of public reading-
 " rooms and libraries ; in short,
 " we have done every thing which
 " could mortify a pompous man,
 " swelling in all the frothy gran-
 " deur of his own self-importance.
 " —Can we then wonder that in
 " the torture it endures, it should
 " rave ? We wish we could ad-
 " minister the slightest consola-
 " tion, in the way of a promise,
 " not to castigate it in future, as
 " we have done in times past.
 " But we cannot ; and the only
 " favour we solicit is, that while
 " we expose its public conduct,
 " it will continue to *libel our pri-
 " vate character*. By these means,
 " we shall be fellow-labourers in
 " the same good cause, that of
 " stamping upon it an *imperish-
 " able stigma*. It may rely upon
 " one thing, that no provocation
 " in its power to give, shall ever
 " induce us (though not lacking
 " materials) to court *the infamy
 " of a private libeller*. Were we,
 " indeed, capable of the task,
 " we should undertake it against
 " fearful odds, because *we have
 " a character to lose*. The noto-
 " rious Colonel Chartres, whose

" profligacy has been immortal-
 " ized in the epitaph upon him
 " by Arbuthnot, used to say, ' he
 " would give ten thousand pounds
 " for a good character, because
 " he could make twenty thousand
 " by it.' This is a *speculation
 " not unworthy the attention of
 " the Old Times*.

" There is a passage in Lord
 " Bolingbroke's Works, which we
 " are tempted to quote, as a sin-
 " gularly felicitous description of
 " the writers who exhibit them-
 " selves in this Journal. ' The
 " flowers they gather at Billings-
 " gate,' says his Lordship, speak-
 " ing of such persons in his days,
 " ' to adorn and enliven their pro-
 " ductions, shall be passed over
 " by me, without any reflection.
 " They assume the privilege of
 " watermen and oyster-women.
 " Let them enjoy it in that good
 " company, and exclusively of
 " all other persons. They cause
 " no scandal ; they give no of-
 " fence ; they raise no sentiment
 " but contempt in the breasts of
 " those they attack ; and it is to
 " be hoped, for the honour of
 " those whom they would be
 " thought to defend, that they
 " raise, by this low and dirty
 " practice, no other sentiment
 " in them. When such authors
 " grow scurrilous, it would be

"highly unjust to impute their
 "scurrility to any prompter, be-
 "cause they have, in themselves,
 "all that is necessary to consti-
 "tute a scold; ill-manners, im-
 "pudence, a foul mouth, and a
 "fouler heart.' We cannot con-
 "clude without calling the atten-
 "tion of this respectable journal
 "to an article in our preceding
 "columns, where it will find
 "another (the thousandth) proof
 "of its undeviating regard for
 "truth. These are the things
 "which have made 'the galled
 "jade wince.'"

Times, May 13.

"It will be observed, we are
 "sure, that the Courier of last
 "night does not attempt to gain-
 "say or refute any single one
 "of the grave charges which we
 "brought against the characters
 "of the proprietors of that jour-
 "nal. Our disclosure, therefore,
 "of the secret practices of those
 "rascals is beyond the reach of
 "contradiction. They stand open-
 "ly exposed before the whole
 "country; not so much as we
 "can expose them, certainly, but
 "quite enough for the purposes
 "of truth and justice at present.
 "And these are the knaves who
 "pretend to call the loyal subjects
 "of this monarchy Radicals and

"Jacobins! The fellow who
 "applied to us for employment
 "pleaded distress as his motive :
 "so also we find, on recurring to
 "the letter, did the *other proprie-*
 "*tor urge his embarrassments as*
 "*his motive for seeking to extort*
 "*the public money from an emi-*
 "*nent official character.* The
 "effect of disappointment is the
 "same in both cases : in one, the
 "cautious retainer of the national
 "purse is vilified without mercy ;
 "in the other, we, the provident
 "conservators of our own cha-
 "racter and property, are day by
 "day slandered and belied. It
 "became high time, therefore,
 "that we should put an end to
 "these disgraceful practices."

Times, May 17.

"We certainly applied several
 "harsh terms (in allusion to a
 "spurious French journal) to the
 "gentleman whom we thought
 "the chief proprietor of the
 "Courier, imagining, from his
 "supposed situation in that jour-
 "nal, that he must have sanctioned
 "the imputation of the intentional
 "falsehood and unfounded fabri-
 "cation cast upon The Times on
 "Saturday se'nnight. But that
 "gentleman having disavowed the
 "sanction or allowance of that
 "or any other ungrounded charge

" against The Times, we feel it
 " our duty to express regret for
 " the expressions we used, which
 " we now wish to consider as
 " WITHDRAWN."

The baseness exhibited in this last Article, is quite in character with all the rest. The mean dastardly caitiff was, I suppose, afraid of a whip or broomstick being laid upon his " putrid carcass." No matter what his motive might be, the public could not prevent him from withdrawing his own carcass, but they will not permit him to withdraw his charges and his appellations. He is not to be suffered to rub these from the paper. They remain for the benefit of the world in general, and for that of Mr. Brougham in particular, to whom I now leave, unenvied, I am sure, by any man living, all the honour that belongs to being the eulogist of these " highly respectable" owners and conductors, the highly respectable caitiffs, spies, rascals and so forth of the " most competent instrument of public instruction which human ingenuity ever devised."

One crime in addition to all its other crimes this press of matchless infamy has now committed; namely, that of tempting me into an account of it so long as not to

leave me room for the discussion of the important subject, stated in the first paragraph of this letter. I must therefore postpone this subject until my next; for it will demand ample space. I could not find in my heart to enter upon that subject, till I had given a just and full description of the " caitiffs," whose lies and fooleries have been misleading the people, and which lies and fooleries it will be my business to expose. Happy am I in the mean time to see, that a harvest, by no means *over-abundant*, is fast bringing down the price of corn. This is the *settler*. This will give the answer to the prattlings of Mr. HUSKISSON and Mr. ROBINSON. We shall now see, and that, too, in a very short time, who has understood this matter, and who has not.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient and

Most humble Servant,

WM, COBBETT.

" ENVY OF SURROUNDING NATIONS."

THE following articles from a late Dublin Newspaper will enable us to form some little idea of the *state of Ireland*, that is to

say, of the state of that object of the "*envy*." I beg the reader to go patiently through the articles; for I have a remark or two to offer, particularly on the *first article*, which relates how a master, an Irish Protestant 'Squire, shot his own "*faithful servant*," thinking that he was shooting *nothing but a potatoe-eater*, who was in the fact of committing the horrid crime of being in the 'Squire's *shrubbery*! This, if there were nothing but this, shows the *state of Ireland*, and the manner in which human life is estimated and dealt with. But, before I say more, I must insert the articles.

We are sorry to say, that a faithful servant lost his life in this county on Wednesday night. To those acquainted with the *mild and amiable* character of *John Cantillon Heffernan*, Esq. it will be sufficient to say, that the melancholy mistake has been *keenly felt* by none more than Mr. Heffernan. Assassination being the *order of the day*, and the circumstance of Mr. Heffernan's having been previously threatened, made him *doubly alert*. The recital of the following has been afforded us by a person who attended the Coroner's Inquest:

On Wednesday evening, between eight and nine o'clock, John Cantillon Heffernan, of Manister, having occasion to go into his garden, on his return to the house, through the shrubbery, he *saw a person lurking in it*, and Mr. Heffernan called several times to him to stand and tell his business, on which the *fellow retreated*. Mr. H. got out of the garden, and, joined by the servant

boy, whom he left at the hall door, went down the lawn by the side of the shrubbery, continuing to call to the man therein to *surrender himself*, which calls of Mr. H. and his boy, on being heard by Mr. Funnell and Mr. Dwyer, who were sitting in the parlour, they ran to Mr. H.'s assistance; when the *fellow* that was in the shrubbery heard those gentlemen come out, he retreated to the corner of the shrubbery, to get over the ditch, but the servant having got thereon, and Mr. H. having advanced into the shrubbery, the *man lay concealed*, and Mr. H. sent Mr. Dwyer in *for his guns*, while Mr. H. and Mr. F. and the servant continued calling out to the man in the shrubbery to surrender and account for himself. When Mr. D. returned with the guns he gave one to Mr. H. On the female servant's return to the kitchen, she told *W. London* (who was groom and confidential servant to Mr. H.) that his master was *attacked* and the fire-arms were *gone out*, on which London ran out, calling on the other servants to follow him to his master's assistance; he, London, having passed to the rear of Mr. H. along the ditch of the shrubbery, got out of it just at the corner the *fellow lay concealed in*. Mr. H. conceiving London to be the *lurking fellow*, from his having come from the corner of the shrubbery, and not being aware of his being out, called to him (several times not to run, and to give himself up, or that he would fire at him. London continued running towards the ditch, to prevent the *concealed fellow* from getting over, never conceiving that he was the person repeatedly called to, did not reply, and just as he, London, was going to jump on the ditch, Mr. H. fired, and shot him through the top of the shoulder. On its being ascertained who was shot, Mr. H. being inconsolable was brought in, and the servant remained with London while as

sistance and light was getting to bring him in, and they heard the lurking fellow escape over the ditch. It is hoped the fellow will yet be discovered, as it is a melancholy thing that the honest faithful London should be shot, through the darkness of the night, in endeavouring to assist his master. A Coroner's Inquest was yesterday held by Mr. James Bennett. John Cripps and Villiers Peacocke, Esqrs. magistrates, also attended, with several respectable gentlemen; and a verdict returned that the deceased came by his death by a gun-shot wound he received in a mistake for the lurking fellow that was about the house of Heffernan.

OUTRAGE IN THIS COUNTY.

Received this Morning, at our Office, from a respectable Magistrate.

Yesterday, at two o'clock in the afternoon, about 150 men, dressed in white shirts, a few of whom were armed with muskets, and the remainder with bayonets screwed on timber handles, and pitchforks, attacked Mr. Henry Sheehy, of Ard-bohill, near Rathkeale, agent to the Countess of Ormond, on the lands of Clounlahard, where he was valuing tithes with Proctors of his. They were accompanied by four policemen. The ruffians fired three shots on the police, before they returned the fire. Mr. Sheehy's party and police, who were commanded by Sergeant Hanna, behaved with great gallantry; the four police fired from 40 to 50 shots, two of which took effect, and brought down two men, who were carried away by the Whiteboys; the police took one man prisoner named Maurice Joy, and brought one white shirt. The insurgents were within about 150 yards of the police before they fired the three shots at them; else there would have been many of them shot by the police, who, in consequence of

their near approach, and dreading they would close on them, fixed their bayonets on their carbines, and therefore were prevented from taking good aim: a number of women accompanied the insurgents, and were urging them to revenge the attack on the police. The police escaped unhurt.

The following was left by a party of Whiteboys, in the neighbourhood of Croagh:—

"According to the form of the Canonical sanction, I do hereby send or order to be sent this notice to James M'Donnell, alias Downey, a Schoolmaster in Croagh, who has fairly Robbed the Publick in attempting to survey turf on different Bogs of the Country; for which Reason I desire him not to attempt to survey or measure turf for any man whatsoever after reading this notice, or I will send a Scouting Party to visit him that will sweep him off the face of the Earth without further notice. Let him mind his school and shun Turf measuring on any bog in this Country,—so let him be particular and look sharp, or, if he dont, &c. &c.—No more your friend,

"HUFFLY.

"Dublin, 5th August, 1823."

"(Burn this the moment you read it.)"

[From the Clonmel Advertiser.]

On Wednesday last (10th inst.) about noon, as two valuator's were viewing the crops on some corn fields near the Chapel of Knockgraffon, they were pursued by more than twenty men, some of whom had their faces blackened. Two police constables being on patrol, came up and attacked the assailant party, pursued them a considerable distance, obliged them to cross the Suir, and, it is thought, wounded some of them.

ENNIS, Sept. 10.—On the morning of Thursday, the 4th instant, a young man, named Owen Coughlin, was barbarously and inhumanly murdered on the townland of Boul-napuh. It appears that a decree was obtained against the father of the deceased, that a mob of about sixteen in number, collected under the pretence of *executing the decree*, and on not finding the father of the deceased, whom, it appears, the decree was against, they attacked the deceased, and beat him so unmercifully that he languished until the following morning, when he died. The father of the deceased, on perceiving the mob approach the house, secreted himself in some rushes that were convenient to the house, which enabled him to *ascertain and identify the offenders*. There are two persons apprehended, and fully *identified by the father and mother* of the deceased as being principally concerned in this outrage.

This is a neat little collection of proofs of this **THING** being the "*admiration of the world*." Here is another "**TITHE-BATTLE**;" but, this time, it is for a *Countess* and not for a *Parson*. This "*decree*" is a curious thing! The Irish fellows may learn, hence, that *others* can issue *proclamations* in their turn. These fellows can "*proclaim*" counties; but, at last, hey teach others to issue proclamations. Mark the vengeful spirit! The son is killed; but, the writer seems to be *happy* in the thought, that the father and mother will cause the *blood* of *somebody* to flow for it!—However, in point of *coolness*, nothing

equals the *shooting of the man in the shrubbery*. It was a "*mistake*." Yes, "the *mild and amiable* Mr. JOHN CANTILLON HEFFERNAN" shot his own servant in a "*mistake*;" but, the "*mild and amiable*" Irish 'Squire thought he was shooting a *man for being in his shrubbery*! What, then, would it have been agreeable to *Irish law*, to shoot a man *merely because that man was in a shrubbery*? Oh! admiration of the world! This is like the laws of Denmark as pictured to us by "our Immortal Bard." **HAMLET** (the *gentle* and *just* prince) hears POLLONIUS behind a curtain: he runs his sword through the curtain and into the old man's body, crying out, "*A rat! a rat! Dead, for a ducat! Dead!*"—When we read of the "*horrid murders*" in Ireland, they shock us; but not a thousandth part so shocking are they, as this shooting of a man *merely for being in a shrubbery*; just as we would shoot a rabbit, a fox, or a rat.—It is lucky for the "*mild and amiable*" JOHN CANTILLON HEFFERNAN, that it was in *Ireland* that he gave this proof of his *mild and amiable* disposition. In **NO OTHER COUNTRY UPON EARTH** would the consequences have been the same.—This affair serves as a *clue* to

what often appears very mysterious in the history of the killings in Ireland. The female servant called this "AN ATTACK upon her master." We see what sort of an *attack* it was! And yet, I verily believe, that such, or, at least, of the same sort, are a great part of the *attacks* of which the "Squires" complain.—If I were Minister, I would, so help me God, *withdraw all the troops from Ireland!*

COBBETT'S ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

THIS WORK (price 3s.), of which so many thousands of copies have been sold in England, and are sold every year, has been *re-printed at MADRAS*. A Gentleman, who has recently come from the East Indies, has brought me a copy, printed "*at the Gazette-Office, Madras.*" The re-printer ought to *pay me* for making use of my *copyright*; and, if he do not, I shall, great as the distance is, find out the means of punishing him for this dishonest trespass. He has no more right to do this than he has to pick my pocket, or rob me on the high-

way. I take this opportunity of giving public warning to a

DUBLIN PIRATE,

That, unless he immediately desist from *re-publishing my Register*, I will punish him to a certainty, if there be any thing like justice to be had in Ireland. He has *set me at defiance*; but I have now leisure to attend to him; and we shall see, whether Acts of Parliament can be barefacedly set at nought. The gentleman who has written to me on this subject has my thanks. I will attend to his advice without delay.

APPLE-GRAFFS.

I SOME TIME ago, told my readers, that I had *two apples* growing upon graffs, cut off the trees in America before the *16th of December* and put upon the stocks at Kensington on the *27th of April*. I was not sure, that these apples would come to perfection. I now see that *they will*. One is a *Newtown Pippin*, the other a *Fall Pippin*: the first will be *but small*, as the bloom did not come out until *a month after other trees had been out of bloom*. But, the *Fall Pippin* will, I should think, weigh more than *half a pound*; and this

is upon a stock, which, in the Spring, when the graff was put on, was not bigger than the barrel of a *large quill* of a goose.—I have some Newtown Pippins and Fall Pippins and Greenings on graffs of 1821; and really, as to size, they approach nearly those of America.—But, the most remarkable thing in these graffs, is, the *uncommon disposition to bear*. Every one that has seen the *wood*, from the graffs of 1821, has been astonished at the sight of the fruit-spurs, with which the branches are studded. In answer to gentlemen who have written to know the *price* at which I intend to sell the trees, I have to say, that I have not yet settled whether I shall make any distinction in the price of *different sorts*. At any rate, those gentlemen shall (as I have but a small patch, about *ten rod* of trees) be written to, and supplied before any body else. I know that the *Nurserymen* affect to laugh at all this. So did the *Seedsmen* and *Farmers* in America, when I began my work of introducing the *Swedish Turnip*. “It was *too wonderful* to be believed.” It is thus that indolent, *jog-trot* men always treat the discoveries made by talent and enterprise. The *Swedish turnip* is a *field-crop* all over Ame-

rica, in no part of which was it ever a field-crop before. At *New Orleans* even is this root now greatly cultivated, producing prodigious crops: and, never was it heard of, until my publications on the subject. Aye; and whatever our nurserymen may say, I shall make the American apple orchards *renovate* those of England; and that they *want it*, God knows; for we have hardly an apple left, fit to eat.—I invite those who wish to see my trees and fruit, to come and see them. There is nothing like *seeing the thing with one's own eyes*. The way I went to work, in America, about my *Swedish Turnips*, was to send *twenty wagon loads* (some weighing ten pounds each) raised upon a little bit of ground; to send twenty wagon loads *down to New York market*. There was no gainsaying after this. And this is the sort of way in which I shall go to work with the *Apples*. Not *twenty wagon loads*; but, next year, or the year after, I dare say, such baskets of such beautiful fruit as no man ever saw before in England. I do not *pledge* myself to this; but this is what I *think* will happen.—My *Indian Corn* is the finest, as to *plants* and *ears*, that I ever saw; but, owing to this horridly cold

summer, hardly any will ripen. Some will ripen, however, though, in the same ground, and against as fine walls as need be, I have not got one really good apricot, peach or nectarine out of many bushels!—My Broom-Corn is about seven and a half feet high. The seed-head is coming out. This sad summer has been unfavourable to this plant also; but it will be high enough to make most beautiful reed-fences; and this is the use that I always said it might be put to.—These two patches of Corn, some patches of Seedling Locusts and Black Walnuts, and the patch of Maiden Apple-trees, all adjoining each other, form, I think, the most beautiful piece of vegetation that I ever saw in my life.

DON'T CRY, JOLTERHEADS!

“NORFOLK Report” [From the stupid Farmers’ Journal, of 22d inst.] “Cattle are rather lower. Corn markets TERRIBLE! Good wheats may be bought at forty shillings per quarter! What is to be the result?”

The result! Why, you stupid fellows, the result is to be, that the Jews are to have the estates of the

Jolterheads. That is to be the result; and you, beasts of the Farmers’ Journal, said, about three months ago, that things were coming about, and that nobody but Cobbett denied that agriculture might get relief without any change as to the debt or the currency. What do you say now? Stupid, impudent, and lying wretches, what do you say now? But, this is only a beginning of your sorrows on account of the “TERRIBLE” EVIL of cheap bread!

BATTLE OF SKIBBEREEN.

THIS is of much more importance to us than all the battles in Spain. This battle of the parson against his parishioners, in Ireland, is the very thing that is now of interest. There has been an investigation, relative to this battle; a sort of “court of inquiry.” I will give an account of this in my next. It must not be omitted by any means. O, brave “church as by law established.” The enemies of the Catholic church are numerous and active: they talk of its cruelties: let them produce us something done by Catholic clergy to equal the affair of Skibbereen; or let them hold their tongues.

MARKETS.

Average Prices of CORN throughout ENGLAND, for the week ending 13th Sept.

Per Quarter.

	s.	d.
Wheat.....	57	5
Rye.....	34	11
Barley.....	32	8
Oats.....	23	10
Beans.....	37	7
Pease.....	36	3

Quantities and Prices of British Corn, &c. sold and delivered in this Market, during the week ended Saturday, 13th Sept.

Qrs.	£.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Wheat...5,473 for 15,227	16	4	Average, 55	7	
Barley....247.....	429	18	0.....	34	9
Oats....7,715.....	9,742	9	6.....	25	3
Rye.....96.....	155	16	0.....	32	5
Beans....874.....	1,586	12	11.....	36	3
Pease....646.....	1,246	13	9.....	38	7

Friday, Sept. 19.—The quantities of Corn that have arrived this week are only moderate. Prime parcels of Wheat support the terms of Monday last. Barley finds buyers at last quotations. There is very little business doing in Beans and Peas. Oats experience rather a brisker sale at the prices of the beginning of this week.

Monday, Sept. 22.—There were but moderate arrivals of all descriptions of Grain last week, and the fresh supplies this morning are not considerable; they consist chiefly of new samples of Wheat, Barley, and Peas, from Essex, Kent, and Suffolk, mostly in a damp state. There was not much disposition on the part of the Millers to purchase Wheat, but good samples, both Old and New, not being

numerous, they obtained full as much money as this day se'nnight; but to effect sales of such samples as are in the least damp, a reduction of 2s. per quarter has been submitted to.

Barley is becoming more plentiful, and has declined 2s. to 3s. per quarter. Beans sell so heavily, that another reduction of 1s. per quarter has taken place in this article. Boiling Peas support the prices last quoted, but non-breakers are 2s. per quarter lower. Grey Peas are plentiful, and 3s. to 4s. per quarter lower than this day se'nnight. Although Oats do not come in freely at present, yet the demand is so very limited, that this article has again fallen 1s. per quarter. Flour is unaltered.

SMITHFIELD, Monday, Sept. 22.

Per Stone of 8 pounds (alive).

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Beef.....	3	2 to 3	10	
Mutton.....	3	4 — 4	0	
Veal.....	4	0 — 5	0	
Pork.....	4	0 — 4	8	
Lamb.....	3	8 — 4	4	

Beasts...3,170 | Sheep...26,110
Calves....260 | Pigs.....240

NEWGATE (same day).

Per Stone of 8 pounds (dead).

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Beef.....	2	4 to 3	4	
Mutton.....	2	6 — 3	6	
Veal.....	3	0 — 5	0	
Pork.....	3	0 — 5	0	
Lamb.....	4	0 — 5	0	

LEADENHALL (same day).

Per Stone of 8 pounds (dead).

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Beef.....	2	4 to 3	4	
Mutton.....	2	6 — 3	6	
Veal.....	3	4 — 5	0	
Pork.....	3	0 — 5	0	
Lamb.....	3	8 — 4	6	

COUNTRY CORN MARKETS.

By the QUARTER, excepting where otherwise named; from Wednesday to Saturday last, inclusive.

The Scotch Markets are the Returns of the Week before.

WHEAT.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Uxbridge, per load	9l.	0s.	16l.	10s.
Aylesbury.. ditto	10l.	0s.	12l.	0s.
Newbury	40	0	—	52 0
Reading	34	0	—	52 0
Henley	46	0	—	64 0
Banbury	40	0	—	56 0
Devizes	40	0	—	61 0
Warminster	38	0	—	61 0
Sherborne	0	0	—	0 0
Dorchester, per load ...	13l.	15s.	15l.	10s.
Exeter, per bushel	6	9	—	7 6
Lewes	44	0	—	60 0
Guildford, per load	11l.	0s.	16l.	0s.
Winchester, ditto	9l.	0s.	13l.	0s.
Basingstoke	44	0	—	58 0
Chelmsford, per load ..	9l.	0s.	14l.	0s.
Yarmouth	40	0	—	49 0
Birmingham	45	0	—	51 0
Lynn	38	0	—	42 0
Horncastle	35	0	—	42 0
Stamford	24	0	—	46 0
Northampton	45	0	—	54 0
Truro, 24 galls. to a bush.	20	0	—	0 0
Swansea, per bushel.	8	9	—	0 0
Nottingham	47	6	—	0 0
Derby, 34 quarts to bush.	42	0	—	54 0
Newcastle	32	0	—	56 0
Dalkeith, per boll *	27	0	—	34 6
Haddington, ditto*	23	0	—	35 0

* The Scotch boll for Wheat, Rye, Pease, and Beans, is 3 per cent more than 4 bushels. The boll of Barley and Oats is about 6 bushels Winchester, or as 6 to 8 compared with the English quarter.

Price of Bread.—The price of the 4lb. Loaf is stated at 9d. by the full-priced Bakers.

City, 24 September, 1823.

BACON.

Very little doing in Bacon. As the holders cannot make sales, the price remains nominally the same as last week; but it must go down before the old on hand can be consumed. A month ago the manufacturers in Waterford were charging 52s. on board; now they are eager to sell at 36s. and if they can make sales for two or three months to come, will take 32s. or 33s.—Landed, New, 42s. to 43s. Old, 36s. to 38s.

BUTTER.

If the speculators in Bacon could have kept up the price of that article, they would have been very bold in purchasing Butter; but as the wind-up of the Bacon adventure is likely to be a very bad one, it has a good deal damped their ardour; so that they are now likely not to lose so much by Butter as was at first expected. They cannot stand still, however; and as they cannot move without doing mischief, there is no telling exactly what will take place.—On board: Carlow, 75s. to 78s.—Waterford, 72s. to 74s.—Cork, 72s. to 73s.—Limerick, 70s. to 74s.—Dublin, 74s. Landed: Carlow, 78s. to 80s.—Waterford, 73s. to 75s.—Cork, 74s.—Limerick, 73s.—Dublin, 75s. to 76s.—Dutch, 80s. to 88s.

CHEESE.

The high price of Cheese in the country causes the trade to be very dull here. Articles of food must bear a proportionate price to each other, or those which are too high will be left on hand. The make of Cheese this year has certainly been short; but the high price has made the quantity enough.—At Reading Fair, on the 22d inst. the supply was rather short; and, in consequence, the Cheesemongers were compelled to give 3s. or 4s. per cwt. more than they expected.—Thick Cheese sold at from 56s. to 64s.—Thin, 46s. to 54s.—Loaf, 54s. to 62s.

On the 18th of June last, speaking of the speculation in Bacon, we said, "The present wild undertaking never presented any other prospect than that of mischief; for, even if the whole stock could be disposed of to the public, it would do mischief, as it would be done by the retailers at a great loss to themselves in the first place, and ultimately to the whole-sale dealers."—Knowing that the retailers, as a body, have no capital wherewith to carry on trade; and knowing also, that they conduct their business at a heavy expense; it required no great profundity to foresee that they could not go on long doing business at a loss, without being compelled to call upon their creditors to take less than 20s. in the pound. They are now BEGINNING in this way. A little shopkeeper has stopped payment, whose debts are said to amount to nearly *twelve thousand pounds* (£12,000). He will, probably, be able to account for the principal part of his deficiency by a long list of *bad debts*; and for the remainder by an account of losses on goods sold to *raise the wind*. But the case of the creditors on such occasions as this, is not so hard as some might imagine; for if they did not sell their goods to *doubtful men*, they would, probably, keep them and lose by falling markets; so that this, like all the rest, is a mere *hazard*.

POTATOES.

SPITALFIELDS.—per Ton.

Ware	1	15	to	3	10
Middlings.....	1	10	—	1	15
Chats.....	1	10	—	0	0
Common Red..	0	0	—	0	0
Onions..	0s.	0d.	—	0s.	0d. per bush.

BOROUGH.—per Ton.

Ware.....	2	0	to	2	10
Middlings.....	1	10	—	1	15
Chats.....	1	10	—	0	0
Common Red..	0	0	—	0	0
Onions..	0s.	0d.	—	0s.	0d. per bush.

HAY and STRAW, per Load.

Smithfield.—Hay....	80s.	to	105s.
Straw...	40s.	to	46s.
Clover	100s.	to	120s.
St. James's.—Hay....	70s.	to	120s.
Straw...	30s.	to	54s.
Clover..	86s.	to	126s.
Whitechapel.—Hay....	75s.	to	115s.
Straw...	40s.	to	48s.
Clover	100s.	to	135s.

Price of HOPS, per Cwt. in the BOROUGH.

Monday, Sept. 22.—All accounts state the new crop falls much short of estimate, only about 20 Pockets have come to market, and have sold from 12l. to 13l. 13s. Yearlings, and good Old, more in demand, and at advancing prices. Currency, New, 12l. to 13l. 13s.; 1822 Kent Pockets, 7l. to 11l. 4s.; Kent Bags, 7l. to 9l. 9s.; Sussex Pockets, 6l. 15s. to 9l. 9s.; Sussex Bags, 6l. 10s. to 7l. 10s.; 1819, 1820, and 1821, 3l. to 5l. 12s.—Duty 22,000l.

Maidstone, Sept. 18.—The Hop picking is now become general, and the complaints are fully as much of the deficiency in the crop, which turns out almost to nothing.

The grounds that had a partial appearance two or three weeks back of getting from one bag to 4 cwt. per acre, scarcely yield more than from 1 to 2 cwt., and those of a very indifferent quality; for what with the blight, frost, and flea, the plantation this season appears almost annihilated. Many have considered the Duty will fall short of 20,000*l*. We have as yet had nothing sold.

Worcester, Sept. 13.—Scarcely any business doing in this Market; prices nearly stationary. Hops of 1822, 7*l*. 10*s*. to 9*l*. The Duty on this Plantation is calculated at 40*l*.

COAL MARKET, Sept. 19.

Ships at Market. Ships sold. Price.

17½ Newcastle.. 17½ .. 36*s*. 0*d*. to 44*s*. 6*d*.
10 Sunderland.. 10 .. 36*s*. 0*d*.—45*s*. 0*d*.

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